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" six months, ...75
" three " 50

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXXIV. SALEM, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1886. NO. 45.

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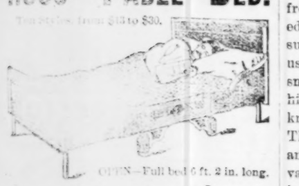

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A NEW form of iron pavement has been laid on Madison street, Chicago, says the *Industrial World*, which is attracting a great deal of interest, not only from the average passer-by but from practical men and those interested in the construction of a good and substantial roadway. The material used is iron, rolled into the shape of small T rails, one and one-half inches high, laid with the flat side (or what is known as the bottom of the rail) up. This surface is an inch and a half wide and has indentations across it at intervals of six inches, for the purpose of insuring a more perfect foothold. The rails are fastened together by being securely bolted with wrought-iron bars, and are laid an inch and a half apart. They rest on two-inch planking, and are secured thereto by staples which pass over the bolts. The pavement is laid in sections twelve feet in length by two feet in width, with stone blocking along the curb and next to the railroad track. The space between the rails is filled up to the street level with tar and gravel, thus making it perfectly water-proof. The merits of this pavement are said to be that it will keep in a smooth condidition for a period probably longer than any stone or wooden blocking, and is considerably less noisy than the stone.

A NEW excuse for pocket-picking has been invented in Berlin. An old gentleman, possessed of a very ample share of this world's goods, had purloined in the course of a few months no less than seventy-five beautifully embroidered ladies' handkerchiefs. He was finally discovered when pursuing the same occupation Unter den Linden on the Emperor's last birthday fete. Together with a number of other gentlemen of the same profession, he appeared the other day before the magistrate, who sentenced him to ten days' imprisonment. And here Dr. Friedman's (the lawyer) art steps in, for, while admitting that his client was not suffering from the convenient ailment known as kleptomania, he urged that the old gentleman was subject to a morbid state of mind, which compelled him, whenever he saw a beautiful woman, to try and obtain as a souvenir some object which had belonged to her. The old pickpocket was acquitted, but whether the High Court was moved to compassion with the prisoner's homage to beauty, or whether the "beautiful women" were touched by it, and demanded his release, the chronicler does not say.

AT Winnipeg, Manitoba, John Smith has been paying attention to Miss Rebecca Smith, but the lady gave him no encouragement, probably on the ground that there was no chance of changing her name, and Smith is not a man that people would travel miles to get. He asked her to marry him, but she refused him. Nothing daunted, he secured a carriage without the formality of hiring the same, repaired to the lady's house and announced that he was ready to take her as his wife. Not getting any response, he entered the house and found that she had locked herself in her room. Proceeding up-stairs, he broke in her door and dragged her out, and was making rapid progress toward Dakota, when the carriage was wrecked by the horse taking fright, and the lady escaped. He was afterward overhauled and placed under arrest for kidnaping, horse stealing, and house breaking, and put in jail. Out West girls are so scarce that they don't have to take up with the freckled hired hand in fear that they will never get married.

Deer forests are rather expensive luxuries, $20,000 being a sum often spent on their maintenance for the year. One English nobleman has already expended on one in the Highlands during his different residences there the sum of $900,000.

The "woodchuck's" lot is not a happy one in some parts of Indiana. A few years ago these animals did so much damage in La Porte county, Indiana, that a bounty of twenty cents was offered for each woodchuck scalp. Since then some 25,000 scaps have been taken, and with n the last three months the county has paid $1,039.20, which represents 5,196 of the pests.

A Minnesota man who knows the Indians of the Northwest well advances the theory that they are increasing instead of diminishing in numbers. He says that they have been steadily following the buffalo westward, gradually moving from the Atlantic coast to the Far West, and multiplying as they moved. The first government report mentions 60,000 Indians; the last total number reported was 2 0,000.

Not only are the dollars of our fathers in fashion, but the lanterns of our ancestors have come into style. A dealer in articles for domestic furnishing and decoration says imitations of the old perforated tin articles which our forefathers used to carry are now made and find ready sale, especially for use in old houses. They are, of course made of expensive material, and are arranged to burn either the modern coal oil or the antique candle.

On the authority of the American Cranberry Growers' Association, the 1886 crop is estimated at 600,000 bushels against 750,000 bushels estimated last year. These figures may be exceeded, as the actual crop last year was about 900,000 bushels. In order to secure a market, new channels of trade must be opened. Last year no less than 150,000 bushels failed to find an outlet, the enormous quantity of 750,000 bushels being marketed only by great exertions and at low prices.

Country people can make their own barometers if they have no other use for their wells. In the Swiss village of Meyringen some disused wells have been hermetically sealed to serve as barometers. On a fall of atmospheric pressure air escapes through a small hole in the well cover, blowing a whistle, and thus giving warning of a coming storm; but when the outside pressure is increasing, the air, being forced into the well, causes a different sound, and announces the probability of fine weather.

The cotton goods industry offers, perhaps, as striking an illustration as any of the apparent displacement of labor, a Delaware house considering that the displacement has been seventeen per cent. outside of motive power. By a hand loom a weaver used to weave from sixty to eighty picks per minute in weaving a cloth of good quality, with twenty threads of twist to each one-quarter square inch. A power loom now weaves 180 picks per minute of the same kind of cloth. Even in power machinery a weaver formerly tended but one loom. Now one w aver minds all the way from two to ten looms, according to the grade of goods. In a large establishment in New Hampshire, improved machinery, even within ten years, has reduced muscular labor fifty per cent. in the production of the same quality of goods.

There are about 300,000 miles of railroad in the world, of which fully one-half are in America. Australia is now building at the greatest rate per cent. of any of the grand divisions of the world, partly because the mileage of that country is very small in proportion to its extent. Sixty per cent. of the railroads of the world are in the English-speaking countries. Australia has only 365 persons per mile of railroad, the United States about 500, and Canada the same. In Great Britain and Ireland there are 1,870 people per mile of road, and in Germany, France and Belgium still more. Austria heads the list with 2,786 per mile. The British railroads are very costly, the average exceeding $200,000 per mile The average in the United States is less than one-third as much, the difference being due not altogether to cheaper construction, but largely to the great cost of way in the more thickly populated country—about $133 per head. Russia has spent only $14 per head, and most of the European nations less than $20.

An Indian, while in St. Paul lately as a witness, got roaring drunk, was arrested, and the municipal judge sentenced him to five days in the work house. He wore his hair long, and, of course, it was cut off while in the work house. He felt this as a disgrace, while the confinement had no effect on him whatever. When he returned home he was so ashamed of himself that for a week he did not leave his tepee. After that the Indians, for a long time, would not come to St. Paul for fear their hair would be cut off. Mr. Beaulieu, a Custom House official, had to do considerable promising that their hair would be safe, and finally got them started again. But a few months ago another long-haired Indian was arrested and sent to the work house. He was wanted as a witness, and on this plea the judge remitted the sentence, the Indian meantime having gone to the work house. The United States officers hurried after him, and arrived just as his hair was being unbraid d ready to be cut off. He was saved by a scratch, and it was as important to the Indian as if he had nearly lost his scalplock and just squeezed out with it on.

On the Pacific coast, when they make up their minds to see a sea serpent, they generally observe one worth talking about. Ensign Selim E. Woodworth, of the United States Navy, tells the San Francisco reporters that a short time ago, when the Ranger was off the coast of Costa Rica on a surveying trip, the lookout reported a reef some distance away. They drew near to survey it, and saw that the reef was a huge serpent. The head was larger than a man's body, with large, piercing eyes. The body was of a dirty yellow color. The serpent was a slow traveler, and the ship gained on it, but it escaped in the darkness, not before several musket balls had been fired into it without apparent effect.

That was a curious case of the girls in a cigar factory in New York, who fell, one after another, into swoons and fits of hysterics, in imitation of one who had fainted. No doubt, says the *Tribune*, it was an instance of those epidemic influences of which the Convulsionnaires of St. Medard are the best known examples. During the Ulster Revivals of 1859, similar cases occurred. The explanation of them is that the emotions, acting on the nerves, simulate seizures the sight of which has caused the initial excitement. The influence of the mind upon the body is practically illimitable. The former can simulate diseases so closely that the normal physical effects follow, and this is sometimes done with contagious diseases, death even resulting from purely mental or emotional processes. This is what is referred to when it is said that in great epidemics fear kills more than the plague.

Dr. Burggraeve, a learned professor of the University of Ghent, has just published a remarkable work in which he endeavors to prove that anybody who will take the trouble to follow his instructions may become a centenarian. His system is merely a system of renovation, and is simplicity itself. The great panacea for all ills which he professes to have discovered is salt, the rational use of which, he says, is a sure preserver of life. He affirms that good health is not a matter of chance or constitution. The laws which regulate human life are calm and regular phenomena, and all we have to do is to take care that they shall develop themselves without obstruction. According to his theory, salt is the great regularizing agent. If the blood be too rich, salt will clarify it; if the blood is poor, salt will strengthen and furnish it with the necessary elements. Dr. Burggraeve quotes several examples in support of the sovereign virtue which he attributes to salt. Formerly, in Holland the greatest punishment which existed for offending soldiers was to give them unsalted bread. After a few months of this regime the culprits almost invariably died. In Saxony, at the end of the last century a terrible epidemic reigned solely through the want of salt. The Dutch savant furthermore assures us that salt is an infallible cure for consumption and cholera. (The Russian peasants once saved themselves from a plague by putting salt in their milk.) He estimates that the quantity of salt which every adult in ordinary health should consume daily is two-thirds of an ounce. In conclusion, he asserts that if the world would only take salt, centenarians would become almost as common as new-born babes.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

In old calendars the saints' days were marked with red letters. Any lucky day is now called a "red-letter day."

A European economist reckons that there are on the face of the globe 47,500,000 head of cattle and 105,000,000 sheep.

At the conclusion of the play, or of the epilogue, it was formerly customary for the actors to kneel down on the stage and pray for the sovereign, nobility, clergy, and sometimes for the commons.

An artesian well at Lemoore, Dak., sunk for railroad uses, is attracting attention on account of its medical qualities. It is said that its continual use will put an end to a desire for alcoholic drinks.

Three hundred natives of the West Indies of both sexes were sent to Spain as slaves during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. This was an act of retaliation for the murder of Spaniards in the New World.

The one place in the country where the most railroad trains pass is said to be the Union Depot, Elizabeth, N. J. A man was put on for the purpose last week, and counted up 3,255 as the total, and in one day of twenty-four hours, 600. It is a crossing at the street level, too.

A London paper says: "Eighteen hundred and eighty-six began on a Friday, will end on a Friday, and contains fifty-three Fridays. Four months in the year have five Fridays. Five changes of the moon occur on a Friday, and both the longest and shortest days in the twelve months are on Fridays. This might, indeed, be termed a Friday year."

In England high treason was once punished by dragging at the horse's tail, through the streets from the prison to the place of execution; or by plucking out and burning the entrails, while the prisoner was yet alive; or by hanging by the neck, so as not to destroy life; also by beheading, quartering, and the exposure of the fragments of the body in such places as the king should direct.

It has been found by Dr. Tait that the ear in women can perceive higher notes—that is, sounds with a greater number of vibrations per second—than the ear of men. The highest limit of human hearing is somewhere between forty-one and forty-two thousand vibrations per second. Few persons have equal sensibilities to acute sounds in both ears, the right ear usually hearing a higher note than the left. The lowest continuous sounds have about sixteen vibrations per second.

He Didn't Guarantee Its Safety.

Stranger—"I left my umbrella here last night. Where is it?"

Shopkeeper—"I don't know."

"Why, you said I could leave it here."

"Yes, but I didn't say you'd find it here when you came back."—*Call.*

THE YEARS.

The wee and weakling years!
When time is new and sweet unto the lip,
When steps are toddling, doubtful little things,
When stronger fingers lead us lest we slip,
When curls fall o'er our brows in fair, will rings,
And kisses press the pure-eyed dears—
The wee and weakling years!

When staff must lend support and eyes grow dim,
When frost has nipped the raven of our brows,
When we are lonely looking o'er the rim
Of two worlds—Here and There—when bent life bows
And from hid lips the last call hears—
The slow, sad-footed years!
—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

FROM SEVEN TO NINE.

Seven o'clock in the morning, and Anabel Clifton's wedding day!

The sunshine drifted through the half-closed blinds and danced upon the white wall of the upper room in the Elizabethan tower of the Cliftons' river-town villa. This little apartment, usually in studied order, was strewn with incongruous draperies, and was, as one might say, in dishevelment. Anabel was still asleep. She did not stir when her mother and her nurse—the aged nurse of all the family of eight, of whom seventeen-year-old Anabel was the eldest and the favorite—climbed up the narrow stairway from the nursery, and stood at the curtained entrance gaping in.

It is not in a sleeper to withstand desperately earnest glances, and Anabel's eyelids trembled, then unfolded. She had been deeply asleep, for she seemed to come slowly back from the mysterious world as she fixed her eyes, on the two mute figures and gradually recognized them. No sooner had one ray of recognizant consciousness passed from her than one of the visitors—the mother—vanished. There had been something so girlishly, so almost babyishly, innocent in the sweet little sleeping face, and something so unspeakably dear in its awakening, that she could not trust herself to linger. She stole down the stairway, and catching up from its crib her youngest darling, a girl, and of all her children most like her fresh, faultless, beautiful Anabel, she burst into a passion of weeping.

The old nurse advanced. "Come, Miss Ambel, high time ye war a-stirrin'. An' dis yer weddin' day, an' de presen's a-fluddin' in han-um. Come, honey, bes' put on yer dressin'-gown and lebe de fixin' till aifter breakfas'. For Dinah she gone got sech a breakfas'; all de tibbies yer fond ob, Miss Ambel, b'iled chicken, abble tart, eberyting enviting. But dis yere's yer weddin' time, an' honey, dere isn't sech a bride ebery day."

"Such a happy, happy bride!" said Anabel.

She had slipped from her bed in a twinkling, and stood beside her dusky friend, with her hand on the cumbrous shoulder, and her roseate face fondly near the dark-hued, wrinkled, but ever kindly one. She kissed the old goodie a kiss on her forehead.

"Such a happy, happy, bride!" said Anabel.

8 o'clock A. M.—Breakfast over, but hardly tasted, in spite of "tibbies." Oh, why do they keep the pet morsels of life until the exact moment when 'tis impossible to swallow them?

"May the children come in?" asked a voice, cheerily.

A rush of little ones. They climb on Anabel's knee, they kiss her, they hug her. May, the eldest, steals her arm around the white neck, and takes one of the long bright golden curls of "the bride" between her lips. Jancey, the favorite brother, blurts out: "Oh, what a fool you are, Nannie, to go and leave us! Such lots of fun as we had ahead, too!"

"And we love you so!" whispers May.

"Oh, you darlings!" cries Anabel, springing from her chair, and tumbling down the youngsters without noticing. "Bridget! nursie!" she calls to the maids in the anteroom, "take the children away directly."

She can hardly restrain her tears until she is obeyed, and the door closes upon the little figures. Then murmuring to herself, "But I must not cry and spoil my eyes, for it is my wedding day," she weeps bitterly.

9 o'clock A. M.—The bridal dress arrived at last. "If it had not been for J——'s influence in the custom-house it would never have got through in time, and you would have to be married in—"

"Has it come?" says Anabel, perfectly indifferently.

Yes; a superb *chef-d'œuvre* of Parisian costuming. White tulle over white satin, the tulle studded all over with white jasmine and orange blossoms; the veil bordered with orange blossoms; a corsage knot of jasmine and orange, and wreath for coiffure to match.

Anabel rejected the bouquet of the corsage. "I shall wear—these at least—natural flowers," she said.

"An' de nat'ral flowers am here," said the old nurse. "Dey am come fo' suah, 'long wid Massa Franklin's weddin' gif'. Better late den neber! A cross ob emrils, Miss Ambel. Missus jes peeked in, an' I miscovered. A mighty pretty gif' for Massa Franklin." And the fond creature gave Anabel a strange penetrating glance—a reproachful glance, if anything so affectionate could be called reproachful.

10 o'clock A. M.—Anabel has tried on the wedding dress. Her groomsmen and bridemaids have come to practice the formalities of the ceremony. The eldest brother, Jancey, with a look of great seriousness, personates the bridegroom; May, with no seriousness at all, personates the clergyman. Then Anabel, alone in the tower room, disencumbered of the bridal dress, glances into the small jewel case enclosing the cross of emeralds, Franklin Monroe's gift. "I would wear it if I could," she says to herself, "only a bride must be in pure white. What a lovely color these stones have! I do not wonder that tire l lapidaries rest their eyes upon emeralds. I would *like* to wear it, for I love—oh, indeed I love Cousin Franklin next best to mother—next best in all the world to mother and Eugene."

At the very thought of the name "Eugene," Anabel Clifton colored. She was much in love with the young man Eugene Sands, her chosen husband—deeply in love, although she had known him scarcely three months; and but for his high credentials, his wealth and position, his impetuous persistence in hastening the marriage, and the urgent fatality that precipitates a love-match, Anabel's sole guardian, her mother, could not have been persuaded to part so early with her child.

"And to-day I shall be his wife!" gasped Anabel, with a sudden time-stroke on her heart, half dread, half ecstasy.

11 o'clock A. M.—"A note for you, Miss Clifton," says a servant, breaking up Anabel's solitude.

12 o'clock M.—Anabel is lying motionless in a "dead faint," and the ceremony to be at three!

The news spread through the house like wildfire. The mother, the nurse, and the doctor, hastily summoned, were at her bedside.

"She neber fainted afore in her bressed lifetime," said the old nurse. "Sumthin's happened fo' suah."

"She had a note sent to her," some one suggested. She dismissed immediately the servant who brought it; then a sharp call was heard—a cry. When the tower room was reached, Anabel lay stretched on the floor in a death-like swoon. Where was the note that a moment before she must have had in her hand? It was nowhere to be found.

1 o'clock P. M.—The flower decorators busy in finishing the fragrant ornament of the house, nothing remaining to be done but to hang the shields of camellias in the halls, and twine the balusters of the stairs with pink carnations and smilax. Time for the bride to be at her toilet; the hairdresser is in waiting.

"I must see my mother all alone," said Anabel, still white as a ghost, and almost smothered by the anxious throunging of her attendants. "I want her with me quite alone."

"Den swaller dis yere quietin' bowl ob nourishin', Miss Ambel, an' bear up, honey; missus am trubbled enuf areddy."

Anabel drank the strengthening potion unquestioningly. Then the authoritative crone ordered everyone from the tower room, and the mother, pale as her child, came to the bedside.

"Dear mother," said Anabel—and the fond eyes that looked upon her as she spoke seemed to see before their wistful gaze no longer a child, but a woman—a child quickly but surely aged into the lot of woman. "Dear mother, this is my wedding day, but I have changed my mind. Don't be troubled, dear; 'tis only about a trifle. I shall be married," she spoke on, hurriedly, "to-day. At three o'clock every one will be here, of course, and I may be a little late. I have changed my mind, dear mother, about my first groomsman." Anabel had a choice in this, because her lover Eugene Sands, was but a stranger in the town—an Englishman arrested upon a pleasure tour by the fascination of Anabel. "I want Cousin Franklin to be sent for immediately."

"My darling," said the mother, with gentle hesitation, "I will do just as you say, for I want everything to please you to-day. But do you think it is quite kind to Franklin, who has loved you so long and faithfully, and who, although we call him so for affection, is not really your cousin, remember—do you think it is quite kind in you to ask him to accept such a conspicuous place in this ordeal?"

Anabel sank back on her pillow with an ashy line drawn about her lips threatening another swoon. "I must see him," she murmered. "Send for him, dear mother, if you love your little Anabel. Send for him at once."

2 o'clock P. M.—"Is Cousin Franklin below? Tell him to please go into the library and take a book. I shall be ready to receive him presently. And now bring the hair-dresser: and then dress me as quickly as possible."

This was Anabel's order. When every touch was complete she went to the mirror, and for five minutes or more—so they said afterward—looked at the reflection of herself steadily.

"Is this you, Anabel Clifton?" they heard her say; and then she came back to her mother and the children, who waited to view her, and showed herself—dazzling—to them, all smiles.

3 o'clock P. M.—Carriages rolling up to the door. The drawing-rooms in splendor; the receptions-rooms on the upper floors filling with opera-cloaked guests and with gentlemen drawing on their light gloves; the bridemaids and groomsmen grouped in an anteroom apart.

"Tell Cousin Franklin he may come to me," said Anabel. She was now in the radiance of her beauty, two bright roses glowing freshly upon her cheeks, for so youth masks with bloom its fever; her eyes violet-lidded, radiant. She whispered to her mother, who was the last to linger: "Darling, bring him yourself, and then leave us for ten, for twenty minutes." She was glancing toward the dressing-table, and added, without change of voice: "Stay a moment, dear mother. Let me see if the ribbon is secure on my fan. Yes, everything is in order." And so, never suspecting the storm that was sweeping over a soul disguised in this smiling calm, Anabel's mother left her.

4 o'clock P. M.—An hour after the time fixed for the wedding. The bridemaids and groomsmen becoming very impatient. Anabel still lingers in her tower. Franklin Monroe is seated in the window-seat at her side. Fortunately for the order of the day, and Anabel's sudden wish, he is in full dress. He had intended to be present at this marriage, cost him what pang it might.

"Cousin Franklin, said Anabel Clifton, "I am in very great sorrow, and naturally in my sorrow I turn to a trusted friend."

At this moment a knock at the door demanded attention. "Every one is waiting," a voice said; "but Mr. Sands has not come. Mrs. Clifton will send to his hotel, if Miss Anabel is willing."

"Send for him," said Anabel. And Franklin thought that he saw her shudder. He glanced at his watch, as at the door he reiterated the most inaudible order. He returned, troubled.

"Tell me," he said, "the cause of your sorrow. I will help you if I can. You can trust me—you know that, Anabel—to my life's end."

Anabel had allowed him in his earnestness to clasp her little white-gloved hand. He felt that it was ice-cold. Then she went to her bureau—the bureau ri fled that morning of all its delicately stitched treasure—quite empty now, excepting one drawer, which Anabel unlocked. She took from it an unsealed note—the message that, with a woman's new-born instinct of "veiling her heart from the world," she had concealed and turned the lock upon, before, in the uncontrollable climax of her misery, she had cried for help, and fallen, as they had found her, in a death-like swoon.

She stood still, looking downward, and holding the unsealed note in her hand.

Another knock, another message. "Mr. Sands has left his hotel. They thought he was to leave town by the 4:30 express. What shall we do, Miss Anabel?"

"Send to the depot," was the order.

She flew to Franklin's side. She clasped his hand. "Dear friend," she said, "you have loved me truly for—so long. You love me now, do you not?"

Something forbade the loyal soul of Franklin Monroe to say "I love you" to an affianced bride. But his eloquent eyes, his earnest face, gave assurance to Anabel. He said: "I am at your command."

She put the letter into his hand.

He glanced over the passionate protestations, the plea for forgiveness, the breaking of a heart at Anabel's feet, to comprehend the one marked sentence that explained why the announced marriage was unlawful, impossible—why Eugene Sands had fled.

One more message, "No tidings from the railway depot. Mr. Sands has not been seen there to-day. The people are very impatient. Mrs. Clifton sends to know what we shall say."

"Say *I am coming*," said Anabel.

She closed the door. She was almost fabulous in her brilliant beauty as, in face of her mingled love and resolve, she returned to Franklin.

She tore from the knot of orange blossoms that had accompanied Franklin's gift, and which was already clasped against the bosom of her bridal dress, one flower, and fastened it in his vest.

5 o'clock P. M.—Two hours late; but at last the wedding march strikes up. The bride is coming! The long delay is rewarded by the vision. "She looks like an angel," they said.

One riveted gaze at the bride, and then all eyes turned upon the bridegroom.

Already bridemaids and groomsmen had rallied from the shock of surprise. The throng of guests accepted their astonishment as best they might. Anabel's mother, pale and trembling, glancing toward her darling when the cortege entered, with its surprising *denouement*, murmured "Thank Heaven!" The young bride's loveliness subdued everybody. Even the children behaved discreetly, beyond all precedent, in extreme exigency of children's behavior. The whole household—the whole town, in fact—had known of Monroe's devotion, and there had been no lack of sympathetic indignation when his right to be Anabel's lover was usurped by an arrogant stranger.

6 o'clock P. M.—Under the marriage bell of lilies and white roses, a married woman, Anabel Monroe. And every one pushing up to kiss and congratulate the bride. And the bridegroom? He was equal to the occasion—a good deal to say of a man who, in addition to the usual nervousness ascribed to the masculine mood upon such an occasion, had known in the rapid experience of a moment the transition from despair to triumph.

7 o'clock P. M.—In her traveling dress, and in the carriage; the adieux all made; the luck-propitiating shoe, May's pet embroidered slipper, to be framed in a glass case eventually, flung after the receding wheels in the highway. The sound of the dance tread and the music pours into the open air. And from between half-barred blinds of a window not far off an anxious, grief-drawn face follows with its guilty eyes the carriage receding in the avenue's sunset-reddened dusk.

8 o'clock P. M.—A compartment in a palace-car destined to stop at West Point. Rooms bespoken by telegraph, which at morning shall show the dawn's superb outlook upon a wooded path winding to the river's edge, the well-known Flirtation Path, freighted for Franklin Monroe with a memory of first love—a first love buried, as he thought, but awakened by fate at last so strangely, so dazzlingly, from the sleeping, not dead, past.

In the car alone, a bride and bridegroom.

"Cousin Franklin," says the new-made wife—"cousin" (she cannot drop at once the old-time term), "you are sure, perfectly sure, are you not, that you love me?"

"Perfectly sure," not very audibly, not very steadily, but stung to his soul with the blissful assurance of the truth of his assertion, her husband answers.

"I love you!" said Anabel.

9 o'clock P. M.—A moonlight night. All well! Hudson River express train entering the Highlands.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Some Anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson.

In the *October Century* is a collection of "Personal Reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson," from which we quote as follows: "Talking with him once about some subject of casuistry or prevarication, I put the question direct to him: 'Did you ever tell a lie?' Pausing, as was his invariable manner before giving a categorical answer, as if for an introspective review of his consciousness, he said:

"'Yes; but only once, so far as I can remember. I was leading my men through a rank chaparral, infested by Mexican guerrillas. The balls were flying incessantly, and the broad leaves of the tropical plants were being riddled through and through. They became panic-stricken, and, notwithstanding my repeated order for advance, they hung back. Stepping some distance in front of them, into a narrow pass, where the bullets were whizzing round my head, and the foliage was being cut to ribbons, I called out:

"'Follow me, men! Don't you see, there is no danger?'"

"He never posted a letter without calculating whether it would have to travel on Sunday to reach its place of destination, and if so, he would not mail it till Monday morning. Still further did he carry his Puritanical observance. Unnumbered times have I known him to receive important letters so late on Saturday night that he would not break his fixed resolution never to use his eyes, which were very delicate, by artificial light; he would carry the letters in his pocket till Monday morning, then rise with the sun to read them.

"In the winter of '61-'62, while Jackson's forces were at Winchester, he sent a brigade to destroy the canal leading to Washington. The expedition proved a failure; and he attributed it, in some measure, to the fact that Sunday had been needlessly trespassed upon. So when a second expedition was planned he determined there should be no Sabbath-breaking connected with it that he could prevent. The advance was to be made early on Monday morning. On Saturday he ordered my husband (Colonel Preston, at that time on his staff) to see that the necessary powder was in readiness. The quartermaster could not find a sufficient quantity in Winchester on Saturday, but during Sunday it was procured. On Sunday evening the fact in some way got to Jackson's ears. At a very early hour on Monday he dispatched an officer to Shepherdstown for other powder, which was brought. Then summoning Colonel Preston, he said, very decisively:

"'Colonel, I desire that you will see that the powder which is used for this expedition is not the powder that was procured on Sunday.'"

Ex-Senator Conkling is one of the incorporators of "The Automatic Delivery Company," which has a paid-up capital of $50,000, and which intends to establish a pneumatic tube service all through New York City.

MIDNIGHT AT THE HELM.

I.

"What seest thou, friend?
The frail masts bend.
Thy ship reels wildly on the tossing deep;
Thy fearless eyes
Regard the skies,
And this broad waste where through white chargers leap;
Seest thou the foam?"
Pilot—"I see my home,
And children on a white soft couch asleep."

II.

"What seest thou, friend?
The tiller end
Thou graspest safely in thy firm, strong grip;
Thine eyes are strange,
They seem to range
Beyond sea, sky and clouds and struggling ship,
Beyond the foam."
Pilot—"I see my home—
Brown cottage eaves round which the swallows dip."

III.

"What seest thou, friend?
Black leagues extend
On all sides round about thy bark and thee;
Not one star speck
Above the deck
Abates the darkness of the midnight sea:
The waves' threats rear"—
Pilot—"I see the shore,
And eyes that plead with God for mine and me."
—*George Barlow, in Boston Herald.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A designing man—The architect.

Large revolvers—The earth and moon.

A cool baseball player—The ice pitcher.

The motto of the sheriff: Hold fast that which is goods—*Tid-Bits.*

Question of the chiropodist—"Do you acknowledge the corn?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some things are most valuable when they are upside down. A figure 6, for instance.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"A handsome woman is dangerous," says an exchange. Perhaps this is the reason why so many men court danger.—*New Haven News.*

Summer boarder—"I have heard that silk tassels grow on your corn?" Farmer—"Yes, miss, regular gros grain silk it is, too.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It is stated that Henry Clay never was at a loss for a word. From this it is evident that Henry never jammed his thumb in a door.—*New Haven News.*

Mamma (to Noel, who is inclined to be talkative)—"Hush, Noel! Haven't I told you often that little boys should be seen and not heard?" Noel—"Yes, mamma, but you don't look at me!"

A musical composer writes: "Have you noticed my 'March for the Piano?'" We have not. When we observe any one march for the piano we invariably march in another direction.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Jessie!" "Yes'm." "What are you crying for?" "Laura hit me on the head." "Where?" "That's the matter. I tried to keep the mark till I got home to show you, and, boo-hoo! it's gone away."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Wise Matron—"Yes, my son, I earnestly hope you and Miss Blank will make a match of it; I like her exceedingly." Her Son—"But Miss Blank is such a giggler." "Oh! she will get over that after she's married."—*Omaha World.*

"What's home rule, John," asked his wife at ten,
"That the papers talk of so?"
John looked as sad as he could be,
And groaned in utter misery,
"I wished I didn't know."
—*Tid-Bits.*

They were speaking of a Buffalo bride's trousseau. "Were her robes made in Paris?" one asked. "Oh, no," another one said; "they were made in Buffalo. She takes pride in wearing nothing but Buffalo robes."—*New York Sun.*

"Excuse me dearest," he said, disentangling himself. Then he stalked to the edge of the veranda, and fiercely demanded: "Boy, what are you lurking about the front gate for at this time o' night?" "Mornin' papers, sir?"—*New York Sun.*

Extravagant Politeness.

I received a letter a few days ago from a Cuban, says a Havana letter. On the upper left hand corner of the outside of the envelope were the initials B. L. P. Now, any one who has studied Spanish knows that B. L. P. or B. L. M., in a letter of extreme politeness and etiquette, are used at the close of a letter; but the use of the initials on the envelope I hardly think is as familiar to the general student of Spanish. This is very usual, both here and in Spain, on letters of some ceremony, and is *de rigueur* on the envelopes of ceremonious notes, invitations, etc.

Ladies writing to gentlemen or to each other, or gentlemen writing to each other, use B. L. M.—"*Beso las manos,*" ("I kiss the hands.") Gentlemen writing to ladies B. L. P.—"*Beso los pies,*" ("I kiss the feet.") The compliment, of course, for the hands and feet of the party written to. The many expressions of friendship, respect, etc., used at the close of a Spanish letter are not sufficient without the usual B. L. M. or B. L. P. The following effusive form is much used in writing to a person even of very slight acquaintance: "With the sincerest professions of sympathy and friendship from her affectionate servant who B. L. P." (kisses her feet), etc. To use one set of initials for the other shows great ignorance of the etiquette and conveniences of society.

A Cuban lady of my acquaintance received on her *fete* day the usual compliment of a visiting card under cover from a gentleman. On looking at the envelope she threw up her head with a jerk, and remarked that "one could easily see that that man did not know anything, or he never would have put B. L. M., instead of B. L. P., on an envelope sent to a lady."

I must acknowledge that I could not appreciate the nice difference. But, after all, on reflection, there certainly is some difference between B. L. M. and B. L. P., and it is only a matter of Spanish taste which is the most agreeable proceeding.

Before and After.

BEFORE.

My love, a lover never loved
His love as I, my love, love you.
How dear the little hat you wear,
The knot of ribbon in your hair,
And I adore with passion rare
Each cunning little shoe.

A

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1886.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N. C.]

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FOR 1886.

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The PRESS entered its thirty-fourth volume on January 1st, 1886.
Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.
L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1886.

—The State Baptist Convention convenes in Wilmington on the 17th.

— Heavy storms have occurred throughout Great Britain, Saturday.

—The colored State Fair opened yesterday, with every prospect of success.

—Hewitt, Democrat, was elected Mayor of New York city, by over 22,000 majority.

—A slight snow at St. Paul, Detroit and throughout the Northwest, on Saturday.

—The corn crop in the Eastern part of the State is, in many sections, four times as great as last season.

—It is stated that the cotton crop is picked, something unusual thus early in the season. The quality is better than usual.

—The recent earthquake shocks experienced here and elsewhere were general on the Atlantic coast as far north as Washington City.

—There was a fall of snow at Asheville, on Saturday evening. It was the first of the season, though it had twice before been seen on the mountains near by.

— The Oxford Orphan Asylum needs help, and it is suggested that a collection be taken up for its benefit wherever religious services are conducted on Thanksgiving day.

—The Charlotte fair was a success. The *Observer* says there was a great improvement in every department except one — that of machinery. There were many novelties and large crowds attend daily.

CONGRESS.— The Democrats will probably have a majority of 18 or 20 in the next U. S. House of Representatives, and the Senate remains about the same,—a small Republican majority. Official returns are not yet all in.

—We are glad to hear the New York *Times* (rep.) say:

"Mr. John G Carlisle is not defeated in the sixth Congressional District of Kentucky. He came unpleasantly near it by the neglect of the democratic committee and the general confidence that it was impossible to defeat him. His failure would have been a national misfortune, and fair men of both parties will rejoice that it has not occurred."

Mr. Carlisle telegraphs the Louisville *Courier Journal* that he is elected by from 500 to 600 majority.

—The report of the Baptist Orphanage, at Thomasville, showed that to this new enterprise, but little over one year old and almost without outside help, $15,000 have been given. Three buildings have been completed, the foundation of 5 others laid, and fifty children have been received. The Orphanage owns 360 acres of land, and is said to have a number of one-story brick buildings, to cost about $1,200 each, and capable of accommodating about 25 children with matron and teacher.

—The appeal for clemency in the case of T. J. Cluverius, who is sentenced to be hanged at Richmond, Va., for the murder of Fannie Lillian Madison, is based on the following grounds:

1. The evidence against him was altogether circumstantial.
2. Since his trial and conviction a law has been enacted giving to an accused the right to testify in his own behalf, of this right he has been unable to avail himself.
3. One member of the supreme court of appeals dissented from the other four members, and was of the opinion that the evidence in the case failed to establish that murder had been committed, or that the deceased came to her death by violence.
4. The petitioners further say that under the circumstances they are convinced that the death penalty should not be enforced.

—Sabine Pass will not be abandoned as was at first thought. Two hundred and twenty-six persons are now living in the few houses that stood the storm, and plucky men are returning every day to rebuild. The river is full of flat-boats loaded with lumber for the erection of new houses. The new homes are noticeably higher above the water level than the old ones. Many of them are on projecting piling. Thus far only three women have returned. The government engineers have made a careful examination of the jetties and say that they have received no damage at all.

THE ELECTIONS.

There has been no surprise as great, perhaps, as the result of the November elections in the United States. Republicans gain in Democratic districts, and Democrats divide the representation in States usually solid for Republicans. The loss in the House of Representatives for the Democrats is large, though they probably have a majority of 10 or 12. It is useless to try to give the causes. Of course the Democrats claim inexcusable apathy, resulting from over-confidence, and the Republicans set their roosters crowing over a fancied uprising of the old enthusiasm for their party. Both are partly right. That there was and is much dissatisfaction among Democrats cannot be denied, and it is hoped the result of this fall's election will satisfy the party and its leaders that a more pronounced allegiance to party is their only salvation in the future. If party principles are worth anything at all they are worth a hearty support, and in this the Republicans have taught us a lesson that ought not to be forgotten. Quarrel as they may among themselves, they hardly ever hunt each other to the death. The Democrats have frequently done this to the amusement and satisfaction of their opponents. It is but seldom that an independent candidate is worth anything to either party after he is elected, yet they generally go with the majority.

STATE ELECTIONS.

LATEST—THE SUPREME COURT SAFE.

The long strain of intense anxiety about the Democratic State ticket is at an end. Chairman Battle, of the State Executive Committee says the majority will be 10,000. The Republican chairman now admits that the Democrats have carried the ticket by 5,000. It has been years since such a period of fear and trouble has been passed through.

The loss by the Democrats of Solicitors Glenn, Galloway and Ferguson is felt to be a severe blow. They were all able men.

FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—Brower's majorities: Granville 666, Person 107, Caswell 413, Guilford 31, Forsyth 202, Stokes 219, Surry 34; total, 1,672. Reid carried Rockingham by 112. Brower's majority is 1,560.

FIRST DISTRICT.—Latham's, Dem. majority is 2,735.

SECOND DISTRICT.—Simmons, Dem., majority is 1,853.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—Nichols, Rep., majority is 1,541.

THE JUDICIAL TICKET.—The estimate on Sunday was that the Democratic majority would be between ten and twelve thousand, leaning to the higher figures as we had made most conservative estimates of counties not heard from. To-day we are able to make a closer and more satisfactory cast of the result, which will hardly vary 500 from 18,000. It was not very much of a shower after all!

THE LEGISLATURE.—By the election of W. C. Fields, from the 35th district, the Senate stands 30 democrats, of whom 3 ran as independents, leaving 20 republican members of that body. The latest returns of members of the house make 66 democrats, of whom 10 were not regular democratic nominees. The body wil contain 54 republicans.

Davie, Repuplican. Yadkin, Lillington elected in Surry and Yadkin for the Senate. Surry, is mostly Democratic. Stokes, Republican.

The Great Packer's Strike.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—In accordance with the order of master workman Butler, 1,500 of the beef killers employed in Armour's packing house have joined the strikers already out in making a demand that their employers should re-establish the eight hour working day. About 500 men remained at work at Armour's beef department, and that house is killing a few cattle this morning. The pork men are all at work as usual. Information from the stock yards of a reliable character indicates that all the pork men will be ordered out by the knights of labor, thus renewing the strike for eight hours in all its former proportions, throwing between 20 000 and 25,000 men out of employment.

The latest phase of the Chicago packers' strike is that seven hundred militiamen are now in Chicago, arresting and imposing fines on belligerent strikers.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—The Chicago packers have declared war upon all labor organizations, and this afternoon signed a resolution declaring that none of them would employ any man connected with any labor organization.

The following is the resolution which was signed by every packer at the stock yards.

WHEREAS, It is evident that many men are willing to work, but are prevented by the action of labor organizations; and

WHEREAS, The packers are brought face to face with the fact that their men are absolutely controlled by such organizations; therefore be it

Resolved, That we will not employ any man who is a member of said labor organization.

The following proclamation was issued this afternoon by Sheriff Hanchett:

Chicago, Nov. 8.—Notice to the Public. On and after Nov. 9, and until further notice, the entrance to Packington will be open for the admission of all men who desire to go to work, and for all persons who desire to do business with the packing houses or in the stock yards. No other persons will be admitted. Ample protection will be furnished for all men who desire to go to work.

SETH F. HANCHETT.
Sheriff.

N. W. N. C. Guide Book.

An illustrated edition of this popular pamphlet has just been issued. An appendix notices the late improvements in Salem and Winston. Price 25 cents.

—The Raleigh *News* and *Observer* of November 3rd, thus speaks of the Knights of Labor in the recent election:

"For the first time the new element in the politics of this district appeared yesterday and we can now form some idea of its power and effect. Hitherto it has been an unknown quantity. We have been fighting in the dark, with the rather ill-defined idea that it was against us. We may now recognize it, and seeing it in its full proportions calculate the influence it is likely to exert in future. Whether it will always throw its weight as it has done this time against the best interests of all the people of the district, it must, of course, itself determine. It is to be hoped that it will realize before it goes too far, that its own welfare is bound up with that of the rest of the people, and that it will thus take a more rational view of general politics. Once let any single class in this country undertake to run candidates of its own for office regardless of party lines, and dire trouble will begin immediately for that class as well as for the people at large."

—Avoid the harsh, irritating, griping compounds so often sold as purgative medicines, and correct the irregularities of the bowels by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, which are gentle, yet searching, in their action.

—The famous "Put's tree," near Crown Point, to which General Israel Putnam was tied by the Indians, and rescued just as the torch was being applied to the fagots, was last week sent to Saratoga, where it will be preserved. It stood on the banks of Put's creek, and since its fall last spring was visited by many relic hunters.

AUGUSTA, GA., Nov. 6.—The factories have voluntarily reduced the hours of labor from sixty eight to sixty-five hours per week, and all the mills will be in operation on Monday. Committeeman Wright, who compromised the differences, is engaged in paying off the debts incurred during the lock out. He will pay out about $25,000 for groceries and supplies for the Knights.

—A farmer of Delaware county, Pa., much troubled by crows, soaked a peck of corn in whisky and scattered it near a fence much frequented by the birds. They ate of it and got decidedly drunk, and the farmer was so amused by the exhibition that he forbore to shoot them, and after a time they flew unsteadily away. The result was good. The crows never came back.

—PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for December, that old favorite, is before us, ahead of all others. It may be called a "prize number." It has two splendid steel engravings: one, "Meadow-Sweet," as lovely as we ever saw, and a title-page, with a beautiful girl's face, also unrivaled; in fact, Peterson is now the only magazine that goes to the expense, all the year through, of these costly and elegant original steel-engravings. There is also a mammoth colored fashion-plate, likewise engraved on steel, and colored by hand—a "perfect love of a thing," as the ladies would say. Still more, there is a colored pattern, in Berlin-work, such as would sell for fifty cents, but which is given, gratis, to subscribers, for a Christmas-gift. Besides these, there are some fifty wood-cuts of fashion, embroidery and crochet patterns, etc. The literary contents more than maintain the long-established reputation of "Perterson" as giving the best original stories, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. John Sherwood, etc., etc., being regular contributors. We do not see how any lady or any family can be without this magazine; its tone is always high and pure, so it is just the one for the home-circle. The price is but Two Dollars a year. To clubs, it is cheaper yet: four copies for six dollars and forty cents, with an extra copy to the person getting up the club. For larger clubs, costly premiums are given in addition. Specimen copies sent, gratis, if written for, so that there may be no deception. Now is the time to get up clubs Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

400,000 Subscribers.

If we gave a column to *The Youth's Companion* Announcement, we could scarcely enumerate the attractions it promises for its sixty-first volume. Serial stories of adventure and domestic life, including the eight prize stories for which $5,000 has recently been awarded. Narratives of travel by celebrated explorers, biography, history, science, hygiene, recreation—and many more subjects, are represented in it.

We are not surprised at *The Companion* having nearly 400,000 subscribers when we see how it provides something of interest for every member of the family. *The Companion* is published weekly, and fully illustrated. Its subscription price is $1.75 a year, which, if sent now, will pay for the paper to January, 1888.

THE PEABODY SCHOOL FUND REPORT.—BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 4.—The annual report of the acting general Dr. Samuel A. Green, of the Peabody educational fund, shows that $62,365 has been distributed during the past year; $20,000 going to scholarships, $10,700 to normal schools, $10,265 to institutes, $8,900 to public schools, and the remainder to other educational institutions. Dr. Green, the secretary, has been requested by the trustees to serve as general agent another year.

T. R. PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.
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R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C

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Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn. ††

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Sept. 23—3m.

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in endless variety. In fact if you need goods at botton prices call on

CICERO TISE.
May 20—6m.

TAKE NOTICE.

Having purchased the BARBER SHOP formerly owned by Charles W. Williams, in the

Buxton and Shelton Block, Main St., (Near Tise's Furniture Store,)

I take great pleasure in inviting my friends and numerous customers to call on me, as I am prepared to wait on them in the best style of the "Tonsorial Art."

Nice, clean BATH TUBS in connection with my Shop, where *cold or warm* baths can be had at all hours.

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ALEX. GATES, THE BARBER.
Winston, N. C., No. 36—3m.

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1886-1887.

WE ADMIT OF NO SUPERIORS AND ACKNOWLEDGE NO EQUALS IN OUR MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF FALL STYLES.

Our Store is now Filled to the utmost with a choice line of carefully selected Bargains In

Men's, Youth's, Boy's and Children's Fashionable Clothing,

—AND—

GENT'S FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

All of the prevailing Styles are here shown in Assortment Complete, specially purchased to meet the known wants of this community.

☞ SO MUCH FOR QUALITY, NOW FOR PRICE. ☜

Our Prices one of Uniform Low Grade.
Our Prices Never Equaled.
Our Prices do Our Talking.
Our Prices can not be copied by would be competitors.
Our Prices Make our Business, which talks for Itself.

WE HAVE ADDED TO OUR STOCK A LARCE LINE OF
——SOFT AND STIFF STYLISH HATS.——

Every article of Clothing now offered by us has been made expressly for the SEASON'S WEAR, and IS NEW, NO OLD OR SHOP WORN GOODS to be found in our Stock.

Every careful buyer will inspect our Stock when in want of CLOTHING.

WE GIVE AWAY A BOY'S POLO CAP WITH EVERY CHILD'S SUIT.

DON'T FAIL TO VISIT THE PLACE.
BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE,
Granite Front, - Main St., Winston, N. C. - M. M. STEIN, Prop'r.

FARMERS LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

Dissolved Bone Phosphate For Wheat.
D. S. REID

will sell his well known DISSOLVED BONE PHOSPHATE FOR WHEAT at

$24 per ton CASH, and $28 per ton TIME.

Fresh lot just received. Be sure and see him before you buy.
He is also receiving a LARGE AND WELL SELECTED

STOCK OF GOODS OF ALL KINDS,

WHICH HE HAS BOUGHT AT

PANIC PRICES,

and which he expects to give his customers the benefit of.

Thanking his friends for their very liberal support in the past, hoping by close attention to business and fair dealings with all, to merit a continuance of their patronage.

Winston, N. C., Sept. 16th, 1886.

DON'T READ THIS

unless you are interested. The SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C., wants every person who is in need of a good STEAM ENGINE, BOILER, SAW MILL, PLAINER and MATCHER, PULLEYS, HANGERS, SHAFTING, &c., to write to them for prices.

$1,000.00

will buy a first-class ENGINE, BOILER and SAW MILL OUTFIT that will cut from 5,000 to 8,000 feet of lumber per day. Address SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C.

SPECIAL NOTICE

is hereby given to the public generally, and especially to the people of North Carolina, that the SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C., manufacturers of STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS and PLANERS, which they are willing to put in competition with those of any other manufacturers, considering prices, material and workmanship. Don't fail to write for circular and prices.

WANTED!

Live energetic agents in all parts of the world, to sell the celebrated HEGE SAW MILL, manufactured by the SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C.

Read This and Think it Over!

DO you want to buy an Organ or Piano! If so call or write to W. P. ORMSBY who has worked at the manufacture of those Instruments, and is prepared to sell you first class instrument, on the best terms. Every instrument guaranteed for six years.

Do you want the Best Sewing Machine on the Market, if so come and examine the

LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC.

EACH DOMESTIC GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS.

Call at the Domestic Office and see the best testimonials from EIGHT HUNDRED customers who have bought the Domestic from my office.

W. P. ORMSBY,
MAIN STREET, SALEM, N. C.
July 15, 1886—1y.

THE BEST

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.

Headquarters!
S. E. ALLEN,
CORNER 3rd AND MAIN STREETS, WINSTON, N. C.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS, &c.

—AGENT FOR—

AGENT FOR

Champion Mowers, Reapers and Binders,
Farmer's Favorite Grain Drill,
Farmer Girl Cook Stove,
Fairbank's Standard Scales,
Longman and Martinez strictly pure prepared Paints,
King's Great Western Powder Company's Powder.
Hercules Powder or Dynamite,
Leader Corn Shellers,
Victor Cane Mills,
Cardwell Threshers and Horse Powers,
Farmer Friend Plows, &c.

STOCK

Consists of a full and complete line of al goods usually kept in a first-class

HARDWARE AND CROCKERY STORE.

Iron, Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Steel Plows, Glass, Paints, Putty, Oils, Varnishes, &c. Carriage and Wagon Makers Tools and Material, Builders Tools, Material and Hardware, Locks, Hinges, Butts, Screws, Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.

Pistols, Guns, Ammunition, Fish Hooks, Nets, &c. Farmers, Blacksmith and Mechanics Tools.

CROCKERY.

China, Dinner and Tea Sets, Porcelain White Granite, Iron Stone China, C. C. Ware, Glass Ware, Lamps, Wicks, Burners, &c.

T. T. HAYDOCK'S BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c.

CAR LOAD IN STOCK.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9 Leaves 6.30 a. m. Mail closes 5.45.
" 10 Arrives 11.30 a. m.
" 11 Leaves 7.35 p. m. Mail closes 6.45
" 12 Arrives 12.30 a. m.
Money Order and Register business closes at 6 p. m.

—Cow for sale, very cheap. Apply to C. E. Crist.

—H. K. Thomas, of Winston, has been stricken with paralysis.

—The Rough & Readys had their new steamer out on parade Friday night.

—The Wachovia Band gave H. E. Fries a serenade on Wednesday evening.

—Gov. Scales has appointed Thursday, November 25th, as Thanksgiving day.

—Public School at Pleasant Fork commences on Monday next. Miss Clara Kimel, Teacher.

—Work on Cicero Tise's new furniture store still goes on and it will be compete before a great while.

—We learn that a large number of persons from Indiana are visiting friends and relatives in this their native State.

—The gross proceeds of the Festival Saturday evening for the benefit of Elm Street Sunday School amounted to $102.

—Dr. Flint's Cough Syrup has never been known to fail in curing any cough or cold. For sale by
ASHCRAFT & OWENS,
Druggists, Winston, N. C.

—Charlie Ebert, of Dr. Bahnson's farm, delivers milk every morning. The wagon is a beautiful piece of work from the shops of F. C. Minung, of this place.

—The Rough & Ready Fire Company shipped their hand engine back to the Button Engine Co. on Friday, in part exchange for the steamer they now have.

—J. A. White, of Winston, we learn, received the first premium at the State Fair on his "Tar Heel Road Cart," and received a number of orders for his cart.

THE MOCKSVILLE ROAD.—Messrs. W. I. Scott, R. F. Mason and E. B. Ambber, engineers of the R. & D. Railroad Company, commenced a survey of the railroad from Winston to Mocksville, Monday morning.

—Wood is coming into Salem and Winston in great abundance, and many consumers have laid in their winter supplies. Some say that coal at present prices is cheaper than wood at $2.50 a cord.

CHILDREN'S PERCALE WAISTS!
Children's Percale Waists!!
Large Variety. Large Stock.
At the Baltimore Clothing House.
(Granite Front.)

—The North Carolina Conference of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church convenes at Reidsville, December 2d, and will be in session about a week. About 400 preachers and delegates will be in attendance. Bishop Granberry will preside.—*Wilmington Star.*

—Hogs are dying in Winston to a considerable extent. Messrs. Pfohl & Stockton lost two nice ones on Monday, and two more on Tuesday. Some of them would have weighed 300 pounds. We hear of others who have hogs sick.

A few have also died in Salem.

—Superior Court was adjourned Friday evening. The Judge reopened court Friday morning, and disposed of the business left undone last week. Jake Wade, colored, was sentenced to 12 months on the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad for bigamy; Joseph Holder, colored, 6 months in jail for assault and battery; Richard White, colored, 4 months in jail for larceny, and Wm. Poindexter, colored, 3 months in jail for assault with deadly weapon. Several other frivolous cases were disposed of.—*Daily.*

DIED.—Mrs. Ann Miller, sister to Mr. Joseph Bevan, the jeweller, after a lingering illness on account of extreme old age, died at her brother's residence in Salem, yesterday morning in the 75th year of her age. Her funeral was preached from the residence of her brother last night at 9 o'clock by Rev. H. A. Brown. The remains, accompanied by Mr. Bevan, were taken to Baltimore, Md., for interment.—*Daily.*

—We have received a letter from Lt. H. R. Lemly, U. S. A., just returned from a business visit to Bogota, South America. He states that Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine will publish an article by him, entitled, "A Moravian Village," being an illustrated description of Salem, N. C. From Lt. Lemly's previous articles in Harper and his letters in the New York *Sun*, we may expect and interesting and readable article. We will have the Magazine for sale at the Bookstore. Dr. De Witt Talmage is editor of the Magazine. Lt. Lemly has several articles which will appear in "Outing" and "United Service Magazine."

The Official Count in Forsyth County

The first name to the left is Democrat and the second the Republican, except Winston the Independent for Congress and Winstead the Prohibitionist. The following is the official returns with the totals:—*Daily.*

TOWNSHIPS.	Senate. Buxton.	Senate. Mathews.	House. Fries.	House. Lineback.	Sheriff. Boyer.	Sheriff. Teague.	C. S. C. Linville.	C. S. C. Hauser.	Register. Mast.	Register Stanton.	Treasurer. Cox.	Treasurer. Linville.	Surveyor. Morris.	Surveyor. Jones.	Coroner. Dicks.	Coroner. Fogle.	Congress. Reid.	Congress. Brower.	Congress. Winston.	Congress. Winstead.	Solicitor. Glenn.	Solicitor. Settle.
Abbott's Creek	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96
Alder	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117	117
Bethania	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154
Broadway	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119
Clemmonsville	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154	154
Center	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84
Forsyth	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156
Friedberg	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74
Kernersville	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119	119
Lewisville	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84
Middle Fork	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74
Old Richmond	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96	96
Old Town	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156
Salem	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156
Salem Chapel	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156
South Fork	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156	156
Winston	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414	1414
	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609	3609
	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121	2121
	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510	1510
	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077	3077

APES ACTING LIKE MEN.

THE GORILLA AND CHIMPANZEE IN CAPTIVITY.

A Gorilla Who Expresses His Wishes by Different Sounds—Two Intelligent Chimpanzees.

In an article on anthropoid apes a writer in *Chambers's Journal* says: Let us turn to the gorilla in captivity; and we can only take one out of several individuals described. The one referred to was caught young and gradually accustomed to a mixed diet preparatory to his being brought from Africa to Europe. While still with his first possessors he was allowed to run about as he chose, being only watched as little children are watched. He clung to human companionship; showed no trace of mischievous, malicious, or savage qualities, but was sometimes self-willed. He expressed the ideas which occurred to him by different sounds, one of which was the characteristic tone of importunate petition, while other sounds expressed fright or horror, and in rare instances a sullen and defiant growl might be heard. In moments of exuberant satisfaction he would raise himself on his hind-legs, rub his breast with both fists, or, after quite a human fashion, clap his hands together—this was an action which no one had taught him. His dexterity in eating was remarkable. He took up a cup or glass with instinctive care, clasped the vessel with both hands, and set it down again so softly and carefully that the narrator cannot remember his breaking a single article of household goods. "His behavior at meal time was quiet and mannerly; he only took as much as he could hold with his thumb, fore and middle fingers, and looked on with indifference when any of the different forms of food heaped before him were taken away. If, however, nothing was given him he growled impatiently, looked narrowly at all the dishes from his place at table, and accompanied every plate carried off by the negro boys with an angry snarl or a short, resentful cough, and sometimes he sought to seize the arm of the passer-by, in order to express his displeasure more plainly by a bite or a blow. He drank by suction, stooping over the vessel, without even putting his hands into it or upsetting it, and in the case of smaller vessels he carried them to his mouth." He was clever in manifesting his wishes, and often expressed them in an urgent and caressing manner. Childlike, he took a special pleasure in making a noise by beating on hollow articles, and he seldom omitted an opportunity of drumming on casks, dishes or tin trays whenever he passed by them. After being brought to Berlin, however, he did not live long, dying of a "galloping consumption."

The second species of anthropoid apes is the chimpanzee. The full-grown animal of this species is smaller than the adult gorilla.

A male chimpanzee, which was kept in the Berlin Aquarium in 1876, was remarkable for his excessive liveliness, and was on particularly friendly terms with a little two-year-old boy, the son of Dr. Hermes, the director of the aquarium. "When the child entered the room the chimpanzee ran to meet him, embraced and kissed him, seized his hand and drew him to the sofa, that they might play together. The child was often rough with his playfellow, pulling him by the mouth, pinching his ears, or lying on him, yet the chimpanzee was never known to lose his temper. He behaved very differently to boys between six and ten years old. When a number of schoolboys visited the office he ran toward them, went from one to the other, shook one of them, bit the leg of another, seized the jacket of a third with the right hand, jumped up, and with the left gave him a sound box on the ear. In short, he played the wildest pranks. It seemed as if he were infected with the joyous excitement of youth, which induced him to riot with the troop of schoolboys."

One day when Dr. Hermes gave his nine-year-old son a slight tap on the head for some blunder in his arithmetic, the chimpanzee, who was also sitting at the table, thought it his duty likewise to show his displeasure, and gave the boy a sound box on the ear. If, again, Dr. Hermes pointed out to him that some one was staring or mocking at him, and said: "Do not put up with it," the creature cried: "O! O!" and rushed at the person in question in order to strike or bite him, or express his displeasure in some other way. When he saw the director was writing he often seized a pen, dipped it in the inkstand, and scrawled upon the paper. "He displayed a special talent for cleaning the widow-panes of the aquarium. It was amusing to see him squeezing up the cloth, moistening the pane with his lips, and then rubbing it hard, passing quickly from one place to another."

Of a female chimpanzee, Massica by name, kept in the Dresden Zoological Gardens, some extraordinary things are told. She was a remarkable creature, not only in her external habits, but in her disposition. She was frequently ungovernable. She hardly obeyed anyone except Schopf, the director of the gardens; and when in good humor she would sit on his knee and put her muscular arm around his neck with a caressing gesture. But, in spite of this, he was never quite secure from her roguish tricks. She was able to use a spoon, though somewhat awkwardly; and she could pour from larger vessels into smaller ones without spilling the liquor. If she was left alone for any time, she tried to open the lock of her cage; and she once succeeded in doing so, but on that occasion she stole the key. It was kept hanging on the wall, and she, observing it, took it down, hid it in her armpit, and crept quietly back to her cage. When the occasion served her purpose, with the key she easily opened the lock and walked out. She also knew how to use a gimlet to wring out wet clothes, and to blow here nose with a handkerchief. If allowed to do so she would draw off the keeper's boots, then scramble with them up to some place out of reach, and when he asked for them throw them at his head. She, like the clever gorilla before described, died of consumption. When her illness began she became apathetic, and looked about with a vacant, unobserved stare. Just before her death she put her arms round Schpf's neck when he came to visit her, looked at him placidly, kissed him three times, stretched out her arms to him, and died. "The last moments of anthropoids," remarked our author, "have their tragic side!"

WISE WORDS.

Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

If when thou makest a bargain, thou thinkest only of thyself and thy gain, thou art a servant of mammon.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.

Wealth is not acquired by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality and economy.

Homes are like harps, of which one is finely carved and bright with gilding, but ill tuned and jarring the air with its discords; while another is old and plain and worn, but from its chords float strains that are a feast of music.

To look back to antiquity is one thing, to go back to it another. If we look back to it, it should be as those who are running a race, only to press forward the faster, and to leave the beaten still further behind.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Grape Jelly.

It is translucent, of exquisite color and as delicious to the palate. Put the grapes in a preserving kettle and set it on the range, where the fruit will heat gradually, but be in no danger of burning; when all the juice is extracted pour the contents of the kettle into the jelly-bag; hang it over a bowl and let the juice drop through. On no account use pressure. It may be left over night to drip. To each pint of the clear juice so extracted add one pound of granulated sugar. Put the sugar in the oven on flat dishes, and let it dry and become thoroughly hot. Boil the grape juice for five minutes and then add the hot sugar. Let the syrup reach boiling point, and then remove immediately from the stove. Pour in jelly glasses; seal tightly when perfectly cold, and keep in a cool, dry and dark place. The grapes remaining in the jelly-bag after the juice has passed through may be pressed and the juice used for a second grade of jelly.

Every Day Apple Pies.

A green apple pie with light, flaky crust that holds without any leakage while baking its sugary, spicy juices, makes a toothsome desert, but to my certain knowledge there are housekeepers—good housekepers, too—of forty years' standing, who resort to the expedient of stewing their apples before making pies, thus losing the delicious flavor, and jellied layers of pies filled with slices of raw apple, because they are disgusted with having the juicy goodness of such pies boil over while baking, with a big smoke and scorch on the oven's bottom.

If there is anything that will wet-blanket a cook's courage it is to hear the sharp sizzle of escaping boiling pie juice, and, unless one has experience and skill in the manipulation of pie crust, boil, and sizzle, and smoke its juice will, from the time a fat-cheeked green apple pie is shoved into baking quarters till it leaves them flattened and smooched with its leakage of goodness.

Three cupfuls of thick sour milk, one cupful of sour cream or one-third cupful of butter, one large teaspoonful of soda, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. This quantity is sufficient to make six large pies or eight small ones. Line the plates with crust and before filling them with sliced apples put into each plate two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of flour, and what spice you intend for the pie. Thoroughly mix these and spread evenly over bottom crust. After the plates are filled with apple, add one tablespoonful of molasses.

Roll dough for upper crusts and spread on each thin shavings of lard or butter. Thickly sprinkle flour over this and roll lightly. Trace a pretty vine and slash tiny holes for steam to escape. Cover without wetting edges, pressing them closely together. Just before baking dash cold water over top crust, enough to thoroughly wet flour. Bake slowly three-fourths of an hour, and longer if apple is hard and unripe. When done, with a tiny nosed teapot pour into the pie through one of the slashes in crust two tablespoonfuls of boiling water.

We think it a great improvement placing sugar and flour below the apple instead of above it. There is less danger of escaping juice and the apple is thoroughly cooked and deliciously flavored and jellied with the spicy, thickened syrup boiling up through it. This crust, being nearly as digestible and wholesome as bread, we are not afraid to allow our small children a generous cut from such pies, and they are not slow in claiming it.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Useful Hints.

In using cloves for pickles or preserves the blossom end should be removed, as this darkens the liquid with which it is cooked.

Copperas (sulphate of iron), one pound dissolved in a pail of water, is an effectual and convenient disinfectant for drains, cesspools, sinks and all waste-pipes.

A little bag of mustard laid on the top of the pickle jar will prevent the vinegar from becoming mouldy, if the pickles have been put up in vinegar that has not been boiled.

A dress in cream surah with front of flowered moire shows skirt draperies of cream lace; on corsage is a full front of moire and cascade of lace. Both skirt and corsage are finished with loops of narrow ribbon in the color of flowers.

Fruit stains upon cloth or upon the hands may be removed by rubbing them with the juice of ripe tomatoes. If applied immediately, powdered starch will also take stains out of table linen. Left on the spot a few hours it absorbs every trace of the stain.

A monument has been erected in Annaberg, Saxony, to the memory of Barbara Uttman, who more than three hundred years ago made a journey to Brussels, and learned lace-making, which she taught her countrywomen, and relieved much suffering occasioned by lack of work. The monument is a drinking fountain surmounted by a statue of Mrs. Uttman in the German dress of the sixteenth century.

About two-fifths of all the farm hands in Saxony are women, two-fifths men, one sixth of the whole number being minors of both sexes, ranging from twelve to eighteen years, who only receive their board for their labor, or in the case of day laborers not even that, being taken afield by their parents to aid them in their work. The heavier work, such as plowing and mowing, is done by men, but thrashing, binding, sheaving, hoeing, etc. is done by women, or, at best, decrepit old men.

The Inventor of Salt Herring.

At Bierwich, in Holland, honor is about to be done to the memory of a great Dutchman whose name and whose achievements are probably unknown to the rest of Europe. This month will mark the fifth centenary of the memorable discovery of William Buckels. Buckels was a Zeeland fisherman, and his discovery was simply this, that salt fish will keep, and that fish that can be kept can be packed and can be exported. Before his time herrings had to be consumed within a few days of their capture. Buckels salted them. It does not sound like a great discovery. One rather wonders that the system had not been applied from the beginning. However, in 1386 William Buckels salted the first hundred of herrings, and having salted them he packed them in barrels. This exercise of common sense resulted in a singular development of the resources of the country. The English fisheries were not as prominent 500 years ago as they are now, and Holland had for a time almost a monopoly of a market which she was able to create and to supply. Buckels had not to wait 500 years to have his claim to public gratitude recognized. Charles V. had a statue erected to the herring salter who became the benefactor of his country. Queen Mary of Hungary, however, paid him even greater honor. During her residence in Holland she discovered his tomb, and, seated upon it, ate a salted herring. And this month his fifth centenary is to be duly celebrated.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The old moss which is found in beds of more than one foot thick in various places in Norway and Sweden has been found to be an excellent material for the manufacture of paper, even in its half-decomposed state, and cardboard has been made from it, some of which is over three-quarters of an inch thick.

The Chinese have a weapon which the San Francisco papers term a "fan knife." The blade is of finely tempered steel and very thin, and the knife resembles a fan when not in use.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Venetian beads in great variety are coming in favor.

Black silk stockings are very stylish with red checks.

In Paris most of the bonnets are worn without strings.

Colored bows to match the stockings are worn on slippers.

Flower and insect designs in jewelry are as popular as ever.

The moonstone grows in favor for brooches and hairpins.

Velvet for mantles has bead tassels arranged in various designs.

Short plumes tipped with pearls are revived for millinery purposes.

In fancy work there are two ways of using color—in harmonies and by contrasts.

A new industry in Gotham is the stealing of cats, their skins being sold for fur.

The hair stripe is seen in all sorts of fabrics, plain or rich, and is the leading fashion.

Cashmere and camel's hair overdresses are worn with skirts of watered or brocaded silk.

Russian crash in fine qualities is used in making bed spreads. It is a good background.

Bay rum is now said to be the cure for freckles; a little borax is added to the bay rum.

All strictly fashionable bracelets are either in narrow flexible bands or loops of slender wire.

Beaded capes are worn by young girls. They reach nearly to the waist and are of fine net work.

At Fargo, in Dakota, good wives bewail because housemaids are not to be had at $1 per day.

Aunt Susie Grubbs, an old lady of eighty-five, took the prize for dancing at a recent picnic in Indiana.

Hair ornaments are combinations of ribbon loops thickly massed and surmounted by herons' aigrettes.

Fur will be much used for trimming both house and walking costumes, light, soft fur taking the precedence.

Rich black faille Francaise, plain or covered with beads or satin pendants, will be much used for mantles.

Mrs. Lucy Wood, of Barre, Vt., will be 101 years old if she lives until January. She is now in the best of health.

A Michigan man has invented a hairpin which cannot become loose or fall out, and is confident of making a fortune with it.

Mrs. Sunderland, of Washington, because of the brilliancy of the precious stones she wears, bears the title of the Diamond Queen.

Umbrellas with a glass look out in front are new and of Parisian make. They come in black and brown, and have elaborate sticks.

Rough-looking, camel's hair materials, either plain or in pekin stripes of two shades of color, are among the favorite tissues of this autumn.

New mantles are very short in the back, but have longer fronts, and striped, beaded and gold shot stuffs are preferred for these first fall wraps.

Striped and brocaded velvet will be much employed this season for dressy toilets. It will be combined with silk repp, plain faille and corded silk.

Philadelphia has eight woman physicians who have each an annual practice of over $20,000, and a dozen or more woman destists who make large sums.

Goods with clearly defined blocks, bars and plaids in various colors promise to be popular among ladies who can afford to have one or two striking costumes.

Soft woolen stuffs are frequently made up with full bodices, the pleats or gathers crossing over the bosoms and joined to the skirt draperies in a looped sash or plastron drapery.

The residence of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, in process of erection at Great Barrington, Mass., will have a state dining-room, forty by sixty feet, two stories in height, with a roof of glass.

The midnight sun is not a wearing attraction. Mrs. Scidmore, of Washington, who has been at Beven, Norway, writes that she has seen it, and would give $1 for a dark night and an honest sleep.

Buttons are in great variety. Those of metal either have etchings and raised designs or are of filligree work. The old fashioned way of covering button molds with the material of the dress is again revived.

Spirts of salts, with powdered salts of lemon, in proportion to half ounce of the latter to one of the former, will take out ink spots after they have dried. When the spots are removed wash in cold water.

It is a great mistake to clean brass articles with acid, as they very soon become dull after such treatment. Sweet oil and putty powder, followed by soap and water, is one of the best mediums for brightening brass and copper.

For washing embroidery in crewels or silk, pour a gallon of boiling water on one pound of bran. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; strain and use. A decoction of soap bark is also excellent for the same purpose. Simmer a handful of soap bark in a quart of water until the bark is perfectly soft; strain the decoction, dilute with water, and wash the articles in it.

George Washington's Horses.

Washington never lost his liking for a good horse, and he knew what a good horse was. He had a servant who had been General Braddock's servant, and had been with Washington ever since the battle of the Monongahela. Bishop, as he was named, was a terrible disciplinarian, and devoted to his master's interests. At sunrise every day, he would go to the stables, where the boys had been at work since dawn grooming the General's horses. Woe to them if they had been careless! Bishop marched in with a muslin handkerchief in his hand and passed it over the coats of the horses; if a single stain appeared on the muslin, the boy who groomed the horse had to take a thrashing. It was no light matter to groom a horse in those days, for just as the heads of gentlemen were plastered and bewigged, so the horses were made to undergo what would seem to us now a rather absurd practice. The night before a horse was to be ridden, he was covered from head to foot with a paste made of whiting and other ingredients; then he was well wrapped in cloth and laid to sleep in clean straw. By the next morning the paste had hardened, and it was then vigorously rubbed in, and the horse curried and brushed. The result was a glossy and satiny coat. The hoofs were blackened and polished, the mouth washed, the teeth picked and cleaned, and the horse was then ready to be saddled and brought out.—*St. Nicholas.*

In 1824 1,000 men formed the Old Defenders' Association of Baltimore, and on September 12 of each year celebrated the battle of North Point, fought in 1812. Three years ago the association expired because the five resident members required by the constitution could not be present at the meetings. Of the 1,000 men but four are alive—George Boss, aged ninety-two; James C. Morford, ninety-one; John Pettecord, ninety-one, and Nathaniel Watts, ninety-one.

There is a wise dog in Morden, Manitoba. He slipped his collar the other day, and when his master called refused to come, evidently fearing punishment, but in the night he returned, managed to get the color over his head, and in the morning was found chained to his kennel, wagging his tail in conscious virtue.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Roup.

This is considered one of the most dreaded diseases, with a single exception of cholera, that poultry is subject to.

Cause.—It never comes without a cause, and may be traced to damp, filthy, ill-ventilated houses, crowding too many fowls in one building without paying any attention to sanitary regulations to keep them in good health. The disease is highly contagious, is communicated by the effluvia arising from the discharge as well as by the contaminating of drinking water by the sick fowl's beak while drinking.

Treatment.—Remove the diseased fowls as soon as noticed from their well companions, to warm, dry quarters; give the following: Add to a small teaspoon of lard as much flour of sulphur and a quarter teaspoonful of black pepper, make into three pills; insert them at the back of the throat, so the chickens will swallow them. Then grease the head well with lard. You will find this will relieve them, and perhaps cure. Feed soft cooked food with onion cut up in it; feed no grain till entirely cured. And if the nostrils and eyes are closed, take chlorate of potash solution and warm water, equal parts, and bathe the head till the nostrils and eyes are relieved.

Tools and Repairs.

It must be a very bungling farmer who cannot afford to have from $10 to $25 worth of shop tools and a good place to keep and use them. The interest on such an investment will be less than it may cost to make a single trip to the village to get some small but very indispensable repairing done when harvest is driving, and perhaps several men waiting with nothing to do but to figure up how much they will get for the time they are idle. Some men have very little faculty in the use of tools, but if there are two or three boys in the family there will probably be at least one that will learn to use tools, if he can have them to use. Unless we lived very near a shop we should about as soon think of trying to get along without a plow or cultivator as to get along without a good hammer and monkey-wrench, and yet until mowing machines came into general use and wrenches were put in as a part of the outfit by the manufacturer monkey-wrenches were quite rarely found on farms. An old pair of broken-jawed pincers were frequently the nearest approach to a wrench when a nut needed to be taken off for putting a new point to the plow. We know this, for we have had our fingers pinched many times trying to do just this thing, before good wrenches became common. No farm outfit is complete without two or three saws, a claw-hammer, a hatchet, a square, some planes, a set of bits and a bit-stock, screw driver, a few gimlets, awls, punches, files of different shapes and sizes, two or three chisels, a mallet and a good work-bench with vise attached.—*Cultivator.*

Bee Notes.

In order to ward off disease incident to bees, I recommend a trough or some other wooden vessel, set not far from the bee stands and partially filled with water and some good rock salt, say about one pound to two or three gallons of water. The vessels should also have a few cobs or sticks placed in them, to serve as floats for the bees to light on. Foul brood is to be dreaded by all, and should be strenuously shunned. I have often seen bees infected with foul brood, but have never had it in our own apiary.

We think a good plan for the safe wintering of bees will be best accomplished by spreading the brood combs so that a greater number of bees can cluster between them, insuring a greater quantity of heat among the bees.

All stocks should be carefully looked after, to see that each one has a sufficiency of honey as well as good clean combs and a good prolific queen.

Always try to build up a good home market for your surplus honey, which is much better than shipping to wholesale dealers and often getting left out in the cold.

I have never recommended others nor have we fed our own bees on glucose at any time. But if it becomes necessary to feed bees I prefer feeding good syrup prepared from granulated sugar, and this only in such quantities as to supply each destitute stock in the fall ready for wintering.

It requires from fifteen to twenty pounds of honey to last a good stock of bees through the winter, yet we have often wintered on a much less quantity and had them come out in the spring in good condition.

Those who can do so will do well to use mats over the brood nest as a means of absorbent, as well to exclude cold air and retain a more even temperature of heat—one of the greatest essentials in successful beekeeping.—*J. M. Hicks, Indiana.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

A little milk and meal will keep the calf growing.

Cows worth much as milkers are voracious and not dainty.

Cut blighted branches from pear trees, and remove all dead limbs from fruit trees.

A light soil, a little shady, and made rich with well-rotted stable manure, is the place for pansies.

Cotton-seed meal is hard to digest, and ought not to be given to breeding cows or to young stock of any kind.

Butter tainted before it goes to the churn, no possible after cure can make good, or keep it fit to eat until winter.

Green smartweed briskly rubbed on the necks, sides and other exposed parts of cows or horses will prevent flies from attacking them.

It is best to cut up corn before the stalks become hard and dry. Fodder as well as hay may be injured by waiting until it is too ripe.

If young pigs are over-fed they suddenly stop eating, become convulsed and squeak and drop dead. It is a bad rule to give pigs all the food they will eat.

If the clover should have a rank growth be careful about turning cattle into fresh fields on account of hoven. Hoven may be cured, however, if taken in time in a number of ways.

Young stock that has been stunted in their earlier days will never fully regain the loss, and become as large and well developed as if it had been kept growing steadily from its first appearance.

It is recommended to cut off the tip ends of the new growth, both of the main shoots and the laterals of the raspberry and blackberry bushes, to make strong, stocky plants, and greatly increase the product of fruits.

A writer for an English paper "finds oat meal the best staple food for chickens." He generally wets it with new milk and gives it immediately after mixing it, allowing none to remain after each feed. No more food should be mixed at a time than the chickens will eat.

The *American Agriculturist* thinks there is no other part of the Union where the preservation of green fodder by means of silo can be made more useful than in the South. The cow-pea, so valuable as a fodder plant, promises to be of the greatest value as ensilage.

The common cause of failure in growing potatoes is lack of moisture at the time the tubers are setting. In a well cultivated piece on a clover sod plowed under in the spring, moisture will be attracted to the soil from the decaying sod. The loose sod holds considerable air, which, as it cools, deposits moisture just as it does on the outside of a pitcher of water in hot weather.

It is not so much what a bushel of corn may be worth on the farm as what it may contribute that is important. When converted into butter it is most easily transported, and also more readily salable. In the conversion of corn into any concentrated or higher-priced products, manurial matter is left on the farm instead of being carried away, as when the corn is sold in its grain form.

Gapes will seldom appear when the water supply is pure and wholesome. The continual use of sulphate of iron to the drinking water is almost a sure preventive against gapes. Take one-quarter of a pound of sulphate of iron and pound it up fine in any old vessel strong enough to stand the pounding; pour upon it one gallon of boiling water, allow the contents to stand two or three days, and then use in quantities sufficient to give all drinking water the characteristic taste of iron.

The greater prevalence of injurious insects has made the apple crop nearly or quite as difficult to grow as that of other fruits formerly supposed to demand much more attention. The idea that the apple needs little care is now one of the chief obstacles to the cultivation of this fruit. After the trees get to be of bearing age, or rather, after they begin bearing, heavy manuring will be required at least every alternate year. Whether there is a crop or not borers will need to be looked after, and every year when the blossoms have fallen the trees should be sprayed with Paris green to destroy the codling worm in the young fruit.

As many of our readers may not know the value of the different kinds of feathers, we will state that like everything else, they sell according to quality, at present prime live geese bringing 47 cents per pound; mixed white and gray feathers, 40 cents; damp and musty live geese feathers, 35 cents; mixed geese and duck, 45 cents; good duck feathers, 30 cents; dry picked chicken, 3 cents; scalded, 1 cent; turkey, from body, 7 cents; same, damp and poor, 2 cents; turkey tail feathers, 10 cents; turkey wing feathers, 8 cents. These prices, of course, fluctuate, but they will enable our readers to form a comparison of their value.

The natural and apparently easiest way to lead a cow is to tie a rope around her horns. But if she is not thoroughly broken, this gives her too much advantage, she can, if she will, pull by the horns so as to require the whole strength of a man to hold her. But if after passing the rope around her horns a halter is made of it so that the pulling is from the nose, it is a very different matter. Then a small boy can manage any ordinary animal. With a regular halter, any cow can be easily taught to lead. If she proves very refractory a ring through the nose, and the rope or string attached to that will easily master the most obdurate puller.

After harvest is done, if the work has not before been attended to, the fence corners should be cleaned up and all weeds burned. This work is much more neglected than it used to be before mowers and reapers came into vogue. It is something that has to be done by hand, and the difficulty now is to get men who will swing the scythe faithfully. Many hired men if set at this job consider it an invitation to take a day off, and will fool away all of an afternoon doing less than a man ought to do in a couple of hours. The difficulty in getting fence corners cleaned out is the cause of many weeds in fields, and one strong reason for abolishing all interior fences.

Rules for Highways.

1. Make the public roads neat and smooth, and pleasant and profitable to travelers and in driving to market.

2. Never throw rubbish of any kind into highways in order to get rid of it, nor deposit cord wood, logs or timber at roadsides to frighten passing horses.

3. All owners who build their houses facing square the public roads should show at least the same respect to these roads that they do to their own fields by excluding all weeds.

4. Remove all loose stones from the wheel-track once a month, and all fixed stones which strike and break the wheels, jar the loads, rack the harness and tire the horses.

5. Where fixed stones cannot be removed, cover them well with gravel or other road material.

6. Remember that a fixed stone may strike different wheels a thousand times like a sledge hammer, and cause a hundred dollars of damage. To remove it might cost five cents.

7. Never make a highway of muck, sods or soft material scraped from the side ditches, which is worked into deep mud in wet weather, but draw them into the barnyard for the compost heap.

8. Where the road bed has not a dry bottom cut a ditch in the middle three feet deep, and lengthwise with it, with side escape ditches at depressions, and fill it with gravel or broken stone, coarse below and finer near the top.

9. Plant shade trees three or four rods apart along the line, to allow air to circulate, sun to shine and mud to dry.

10. Keep the roadside smooth, mow the grass for hay, and thus secure a good track when the center of the road is encumbered with impassable snow-drifts in winter.

11. In windy places make the windward road fences of barb wire, to prevent the accumulation of drifts of snow.

12. Never make the public highway a barnyard, nor leave wagons, plows and machines to encumber the road.

13. Never endanger those who travel by driving unmanageable or fractious horses to frighten and annoy other horses. Sell the unruly animals or put them to steady home labor with other horses.

14. Never drive horses across a railway without first looking both ways, or, if in the dark, without listening. It is better to take this care one hundred times than to be crushed by a locomotive once by its neglect.

15. Never keep a noisy, barking dog, to bark at quiet passengers or passing teams, to terrify horses and cause them to run away, upset carriages and break limbs.

The observance of these injunctions will give smooth, hard, satisfactory roads for farmers and travelers to pass over, bring their farms nearer to market, increase the value of their farms, make pleasant neighbors and attach boys and young men to the country.—*Country Gentleman.*

Sunken Treasures.

In the year 1799 the Lutine, a Dutch East Indiaman, foundered off the coast of Holland, near Terschelling, having on board twenty-five millions of guilders, almost entirely in gold coin and bars. Only one sailor escaped, and he was afterward able to point out the place of the wreck. Many proposals to raise the treasure have been since broached; and one had so far success in the early years of this century that about a fifth of the whole amount was recovered by divers. Later essays showed that either the sands had shifted, or the wreck had sunk deeper. An inhabitant of Terschilling named Ter Meulen is strongly impressed with the opinion that a continued effort must be successful. He has succeeded in forming an association to undertake the task, and two vessels specially prepared for the work have gone to Terschilling.

Both Waiting.

There's a flush in her satin cheek to-night,
And her heart is palpitating,
And her eyes are filled with love's sweet light;
For her beau the maid is waiting.

Ah! would that a friend the youth would warn—
The visit he'll dearly rue—
For her pa with a club behind the barn
Is awaiting his coming, too.

—*Boston Courier.*

Frozen milk is now given to patients suffering with irritable stomachs, and is retained when all other substances are thrown off.

"Michael Strogoff."

Mr. G. C. Staley, while playing the leading part in "Michael Strogoff," at Oakland, Cal., became so hoarse from a severe cold that he despaired of being able to continue his part. Two bottles of Red Star Cough Cure cured him. Does not nauseate.

A LIBERAL anagrammatist has discovered that the letters in the words, "The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone," can be transposed so as to form the sentence, "I am the Whig who'll long be a true star to Ireland."

The small boy who plays circus with the "trick-goat" in his back yard should see that the St. Jacobs Oil bottle is not empty.

PORPOISE leather is being used in the manufacture of shoes, the resemblance to French kid being very marked. It has a long, tenacious fibre, and as it will not crack nor tear, is very durable and waterproof, and makes an excellent leather.

Hints to Consumptives.

Consumptives should use food as nourishing as can be had, and in a shape that will best agree with the stomach and taste of the patient.

Out-door exercise is earnestly recommended. If you are unable to take such exercise on horseback or on foot, that should furnish no excuse for shutting yourself in-doors, but you should take exercise in a carriage, or in some other way bring yourself in contact with the open air.

Medicines which cause expectoration must be avoided. For five hundred years physicians have tried to cure Consumption by using them, and have failed. Where there is great derangement of the secretions, with engorgement of air-cells, there is always profuse expectoration. Now Piso's Cure removes the engorgement and the derangement of the secretions, and consequently (and in this way only) diminishes the amount of matter expectorated. This medicine does not dry up a cough, but removes the cause of it.

When it is impossible from debility or other causes to exercise freely in the open air, apartments occupied by the patient should be so ventilated as to ensure the constant accession of fresh air in abundance.

The surface of the body should be sponged as often as every third day with tepid water and a little soft-soap. (This is preferable to any bath.) After thoroughly drying, use friction with the hand moistened with oil, Cod-Liver or Olive is the best. This keeps the pores of the skin in a soft, pliable condition, which contributes materially to the unloading of waste matter from the system through this organ. You will please recollect we cure this disease by enabling the organs of the system to perform their functions in a normal way. Dr. In other words, we remove obstructions, while the recuperative powers of the system cure the disease.

We will here say a word in regard to a cough in the first stage, where there is no constitutional or noticeable disease. A cough may or may not foreshadow serious evil; take it in its mildest form, to say the least, it is a nuisance, and should be abated. Albany, N. Y.

A cough is unlike any other symptom of disease. It stands a conspirator, with threatening voice, menacing the health and existence of a vital organ. Its first approach is in whispers unintelligible, and at first too often unheeded, but in time it never fails to make itself understood—never fails to claim the attention of those on whom it calls.

If you have a cough without disease of the lungs or serious constitutional disturbance, so much the better, as a few do es of Piso's Cure will be all you may need, while if you are far advanced in Consumption, several bottles may be required to effect a permanent cure.

A Quick Recovery.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported to be at the point of death from an attack of Pneumonia, has entirely recovered by the use of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. Naturally he feels grateful for the benefits derived from using this remedy for the lungs and throat; and in giving publicity to this statement we are actuated by motives of public benefaction, trusting that others may be benefited in a similar manner.

You will be interested in the attractive advertisement of the POPULAR MONTHLY, of Kansas City, Mo. Read it carefully. No publication stands higher. Its premiums and offers are reliable. All send by it.

Ladies! Those dull, tired looks and feelings speak volumes! Dr. Kilmer's Female Remedy corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality, and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Price $1.00—6 bottles, 5.00.

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Often follow the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The most severe cases of scrofula, upon which other preparations have been powerless, yield to the superior curative powers of this medicine. The most distressing cases of dyspepsia, excruciating complaints of the kidneys and liver, the agonizing itch and pain of salt rheum, disagreeable cases of catarrh, and the aches and pains of rheumatism are cured by this great medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and at the same time tones the stomach, creates an appetite and gives strength to every function of the body.

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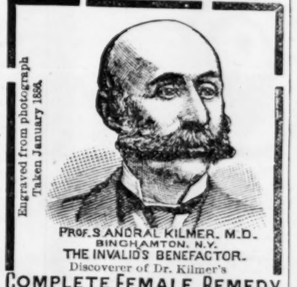

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Each package contains 3 bottles.

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Female Remedy, (Blood and System) $1.
Autumn-Leaf Ext., (Local Treatm't) $1.
U & O Anoint'mt, (External ") 50

☞ Or the three in one Package $2.00.

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